

Newport Mercury.

The Newport Mercury,

The Ward Courtesan.

Camp Identity

AUTUMN WEDDINGS.

An Extremed Citizen.

In Favor of the State Auditor.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

FROM WALL STREET
TO NEWGATE.

By AUSTIN BLOWELL.

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CHAPTER VIII.

As narrated in an earlier chapter, I left England two days before the first lot of false bills was sent in. I left no one and no one of the future. My departure was a happy event in a double sense. All my negotiations had been carried on at a considerable expense of nerve, and in leaving I left everything in such a state that success seemed certain, with all chance of danger eliminated from the venture. I felt that this trying time was now all over, with nothing for me to do but to reap the harvest, and that without effort or care on my part.

So when the late November sun looked down on me—I crossed by daylight this time—standing on the deck of that same wretched channel steamer, it looked on a happy man. I did not know then that success in wrongdoing was over a failure. The anxious toil of the London and continental negotiations was a thing of the past. Was I not young? Wealth was or soon would be mine. Was I not in perfect health, body sound and digestion good, and, above all, was not the woman I loved awaiting me in Paris, to give herself to me in all her youth and beauty, and then somewhere across the western waters would I not find in some tropic seas a paradise, which gold would make mine, where I could have my bride, and there, turning over a new leaf, live and die with the respect of all good men and women?

How was a stately structure I was going to erect, but how rotten the foundation! I fancied, in my mind at least, the eternal course of things would be what it was, and that justice would grant me a clean bill of health. She did give me that, but it was long years after and only when she had had from me her pound of flesh to the very last ounce.

I joined my sweetheart and her family at the Hotel St. James, Rue Saint-Honore, and our wedding day being fixed a week ahead we all set out sight-seeing and having a good time generally. I now engaged the coachman I had met before as my valet, and a very good all around handy man he proved to be. Of course I was anxious to hear that the first copy on the bank had succeeded, but I was tolerably confident it would be right. That it fell through it was not my fault, and I was not to be blamed.

One morning on opening my eyes my first thought was, it will be hit or miss at the Bank of England within the next 60 minutes. We had engaged for a coaching party to Versailles and were to dine there. I left for the drive that day with a dim fear that before the sunset I might be under the necessity of leaving Paris in a hurry.

When starting for Versailles, I left my servant behind to wait for the expected telegram and to bring it to me by rail. We were at dinner, and I was just raising a glass of champagne to my lips when I saw my valet, Nunn, crossing the rephand. He entered the room and handed me a telegram. Tearing open the envelope, I read:

"All well. Bought and shipped 40 boxes."

That meant the first lot for \$40,000 had gone through safely. It was certainly a great relief. Three days after I received \$35,000 in United States bonds from George in London, my first share of the proceeds. I sold the bonds in Paris, realizing payment in French notes.

On Thursday, the day before my marriage, I had a telegram from Mac and George to meet them in Calais, and to Calais I had to go. I arrived there at midnight, just before the Dover steamer got in, and was on the pier to meet them. We exchanged warm greetings. As we did so Mac placed a small but very heavy bag in my hand, and they began laughing over my surprise. It contained \$4,000 in sovereigns. We went to a hotel near the pier, and there they counted out to me the very nice sum of \$100,000 in gold, bonds and French money. As they were going back on the same steamer and I was to return to Paris by the train carrying the passengers of the steamer just arrived, my only had a brief half hour's talk. After giving me the money we went out and sat down on the pier, and that conversation and scene no longer impressed on my memory. I shall make no attempt to describe either, but could both be put on the stage with the audience in possession of a full knowledge of the enterprise we were embarked in there would be seen a picture of human life such as the novelist or playwright never had the imagination or the daring to depict. To the earnest student of human life it would have been a revelation.

There we were, three earnest, ambitious young men, enthusiastic for all that was good and noble, I about to wed a pure souled woman, who thought me an angel of goodness, and about to fly with my plunder and bride to Mexico. My two companions were returning to London to continue carrying out a giant scheme of fraud against a great money institution, but there we were with \$100,000 at our feet, sitting under the stars listening to the dash of the waves and talking not at all like pirates and robbers, but much more like crusaders setting out on a crusade or like pilgrims going on a pilgrimage.

I told my friends I should go to the City of Mexico for a year or two, and then meet them somewhere in America, where we would unite our wealth to inaugurate some scheme that would benefit thousands in our own generation and millions in the generations to come. We would baffle ourselves about with kindly deeds, so live as to win the respect of all, and when under the red life in the eyes and mouths of men.

Too soon the whistles sounded, and we had to say good-bye, which we did in no enthusiasm that told how we felt. We were walking in the Primrose Way; its flowers and orange were sweet. We knew it not, but it was fast leading us into a chilling glow in whose dusky light the flowers were all to wither and the trees seem to be gnawed and still.

I again arrived in Paris at daylight, but early as it was my sweetheart, escorted by my servant, was waiting my arrival. It was our wedding morning.

During our drive to the hotel, radiant with joy she told me the separation had been a cruel one and she was so happy to know we should never be separated again!

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we were married at the American embassy. My purpose was to sail by the Lopez & Co. steamer El Rey Felipe, from Cadiz to Mexico, which was advertised to sail ten days later.

We were married very quietly on Friday, and our friends, wisely recognizing the fact that young married people like to be alone, the next day said good-bye and returned to Brittany. We spent a quiet and happy Saturday and Sunday, and on Sunday night we left—my wife, servant and self—for Cadiz, via Madrid.

My wife, like all English people, knew little of geography, and had such hazy notions of America that she thought it quite the thing to go to such an outlandish and far off quarter of the globe as America via a Spanish port. Columbus had gone that way, and why should not we?

We had an all night ride to Bayona in one of those antiquated bayonettes used in railway carriages all over Europe, but the ride was not tedious or the night long. This little car had no happier couple, and talking of the happy years that lay before us the night rushed by like a fairy dream.

Where was my conscience? Why, my dear reader, I had sung it such a song that it was delighted with the music, and had, I was going to say, gone to sleep, but it had not. It was wide awake, and we were good chums. We both—conscience and I—had persuaded ourselves it was a virtuous deed to do evil that good might come. My conscience was perhaps as old as the sun, but I myself was young and too inexperienced to see the fallacy of the argument, since I myself was the door of the wrong, but of course I should have hotly denounced any other such philosopher as a villain and a rogue.

The night flew by, and to our surprise we found 240 miles had slipped away, and we were in Bayona. Thirty minutes more, and we were speeding south and soon crossed the Bidassoa, the boundary between France and Spain.

Then my wife, saying, "Now I will sleep," lay her head on the shoulder of the happiest man in or out of Spain, and in ten minutes her regular breathing told me she was in the land of dreams.

The Pyrenees, in dividing France and Spain, stand between two distinct peoples, and as the centuries go by the streams of national life meet, but only to repel each other, never to mingle. In the night, however, they are one.

We had an all night ride to Bayona. 1879 and 1878 the Carlists held the mountain, and more or less snail-like was going on. The possibility of my way being blocked by the Carlists never entered into my calculations.

Our train crossed the bridge over the Bidassoa, and we were on Spanish soil. Soon we entered the gorges of the Pyrenees, and while speculating whether I should awaken my wife to see the magnificent scenery all necessity for awakening any one on that train was over. Three or four snoring shots rang out; our train was off the rail and after a crash or two came to a sudden stop, and then a babel arose, while the train was surrounded by armed men. It was laughable. It seemed like opera bouffe, the real thing, this motley array of brigands all trying to maintain under difficulties the gray Spanish exterior.

One monkey of 18 or 19 years, armed, came to our compartment, and pointing to my chair said he wanted it and my watch. None of us understood Spanish, but we all comprehended his meaning readily. I refused to make him a gift and got rid of him easily.

We were all ordered to alight, and our captors seemed inclined to be angry. Myself and party were about the only well dressed people on the train, and seeing a priest close by I went up to him, and ascertaining he could speak French I began in very bad French indeed to threaten with very dire consequences Don Carlos and every band of Carlists who dared to annoy an English duke and duchess and demanded instant shelter and a guard for my wife, the duchess. We could hardly keep from laughing, it was so very like a melodrama. My wife thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and I should have done so, too, had I not had such strong reasons for quick passage through Spain to put water on the snail, for I desired to put some leagues of Neptune's domain between myself and the old world.

The priest, although a tall, slender fellow, was a very good one and seemed to realize the gravity of the situation, for calling the chief to him he warned him to be careful. That gentleman came up, and drawing himself up said very politely, "Sir, we are soldiers, not robbers." I said I was very glad to know it and demanded to be informed if I was a prisoner or not and was told I was not, but with the same breath he said he would be obliged to detain us for a few days. There was a frown, a close by, and leaving my wife there I finally managed by a liberal use of money to secure an escort, and by virtue of great generosity on the part of myself and servant got all our baggage out of the wrecked train and safely up to the inn.

Spaniards are proverbially slow, but by riding backward five miles away I succeeded in seeing the local commander of the Carlist forces, and he permitted me to leave the next day a pass to reach the land of the north.

got him also to include in the pass my fellow passengers. I did this because there was a Portuguese family who had tickets for South America. They were then on their way to embark at Lisbon, and the old gentleman, the head of the family, was very weak and ill.

My safe plan would have been to turn to France, make my way to Bordeaux and embark from there to New York, and that would have been my course had I any conception of the slowness of the Spanish officials and of the fierce storms and snows that dominate the passes of the Pyrenees in winter.

We were informed by many officials, railway guards, custom house officers, Carlists, etc., that by crossing 80 miles south we would pass the lines and get to a little town on the railway where trains left frequently for Madrid. The Spaniards about the place would never have let us start out on that perilous trip had it not been for the money there was in it. I had secured at round price three century old bullock carts, and in the afternoon of the second day we got off. I had all the women and the sick Portuguese in one cart, with the two other carts ahead heaped with baggage. Thus there were eight bullocks, four mules and (unlucky number) 18 men engaged.

I had very misty notions as to our destination, but took it for granted that the baker's dozen of natives I had with me knew what they were about. Snow was everywhere, and we were mounting up, up, up, on wheels, but I supposed the highest altitude was only four or five miles away, and that the down grade would be easy until we reached some snug inn where we would find shelter for man and beast. Then an early start by daylight and our novel journey would come to an end in civilization and a railway. But I did not know Spaniards, their country, the Pyrenees, or what blizzards can blow in sunny Spain.

Myself and my servant Nunn trudged on alongside the cart with the women. It took an hour to get out of sight of the fonda, and then we struck a fine, wide military road that wound in and around the mountains, but always up and deep in snow. Three, four o'clock came, and still no sign of the summit, but with the road winding in and out for miles ahead. The sky began to darken, and without warning down came the snow. Then frequent halts of the caravan were taken to rest the cattle.

Deeper grew the snow, and as the darkness began to settle down I realized the responsibility I had unwittingly taken on my shoulders. I had four delicate women and a very sick man under my charge, and we stood fast in the midst of a snowstorm. I recognized no blessing, however, and was profoundly grateful—the air was calm—and though the snow fell thick and fast it was not driven by a storm.

Nunn proved to be thoroughly reliable, helpful and full of cheer. Between us we kept up the spirits of the party. But all hands began to grow hungry. Fortunately I had in my baggage a large pato de foie gras—that is, a fat goose liver pie—and it was fat, happily so, as it went further. Then I got rags and wraps out of my trunks for the women and a couple of bottles of brandy and administered liberal doses all round. It was certainly better to have them full of Dutch courage in a fool's paradise than to have them awake to their position, for I quite expected it would end in a night campout in the snow and sending an empty cart for supplies.

Two hours after dark we came to a dead halt, and my guides—they were beauties—said they could go no further; the oxen could not pull the carts. There was a fonda, they said, two miles away, but did not show any disposition to help to get there, and for that matter did not seem to care whether we did or not. I ordered them to leave the middle cart behind and divide the teams, one team to be added to the front cart and one to be hitched in front of the mules. Our interpreter was one of the Portuguese women, but we did not get on very well, the Spaniards objecting to anything being done, all of them apparently waiting for the Virgin or some of the saints to come to our aid.

Nunn and I were exasperated and finally took the matter in our own hands. By my orders, despite the energetic protests of the driver, he unhitched the oxen from the middle team, and between us we got them to the mule cart, hitched them in front of the mules and pulled out and past the other carts. Here the Spaniards halted us, and after an angry altercation in the dark, and it was dark, they agreed to go on. So, taking a yoke of oxen from our cart, they were put in front of the fonda of the first cart, and off we started.

Nunn volunteered to stand by and guard the stranded cart, so giving him two blankets and a little brandy we drove off in the darkness, but not until in sight of all I had given him a revolver and each of the pulchery 13 a good nip of brandy. My anxiety about serious results was over as soon as we started, and in 1½ hours we halted in front of a wretched inn, patronized by mulattoes, with the first story for a stable, but none of us was disposed to be particular. A supper of Spanish beans was soon ready, and then a bed was made up on the floor, and the women were soon asleep. After seeing that the mules and oxen were fed I took half an hour's nap. Then, with two drivers, we started back, taking three yokes of oxen. What a tramp I had back through the snow and storm! I was very happy, however, for I knew my wife and party were safely sheltered, and the excitement of action kept me from being gloomy.

In due time we found our way, hitched and started, but it was hard pulling, and the exhausted oxen had to come to frequent halts. At last, just as I was beginning to feel tired, we came to the fonda.

The snow had slackened, but the wind was beginning to blow, so Nunn and I carried all the baggage and traps into a corner of the stable below, and tumbling down into the hay we were soon in the land of dreams. In my dream I was on a shoreless sea in a bark that slowly and swiftly circled around. Dark clouds closed in, the horizon crawling in on all sides, while my bark sailed in an ever narrowing circle, the clouds still closing in, until a giant hand grew out from a razed shore of the old world, which

seizing the prow of my bark, pulled it into the gloom and darkness. I felt the clouds brushing my cheek. I heard the roar of falling water and felt that my doom was sealed. I thought of my wife, and, trying to call her name, was dumb. I looked behind. Far off and far up there was a glow of rosy light, and within the aureole was her face, full of sorrow, looking at me with pity in every feature. As I looked her face was slowly collected by a cloud. Then with one cry I plunged into the sea and awoke.

That dream would easily have joined the long procession of forgotten dreams, but it was recalled many a time during many years. And, try as I might, I felt it to be a portent and a prophecy.

When I awoke in the morning I was dumfounded to find a blizzard blowing that the cattle would not face and with every appearance of continuance. In reply to my inquiries I learned they sometimes blew in those latitudes for a week. This was pleasant news for me, and the prospect made me nervous. It was now Thursday, the fourth day since our departure from Paris. And what might have happened in London in that time! Here was I completely isolated from the outside world and from all news about my companions in England as if on a desert island. For all I knew discovery might have been made and full details of the fraud might be blazing in the press of Europe. I began to fear I had run into a trap. To make matters worse, the steamer El Rey Felipe was advertised to sail Monday from Cadiz, and to miss her seemed dangerous indeed.

I was a prisoner in a wretched inn in a delfo of the Pyrenees, with a civil war raging and no telling what might arise to detain us. Our objective point was only some 35 miles away, but with roads deep in snow, with wretched cattle and more wretched Spaniards for drivers, there was poor prospect of making headway. I felt I would never do for me to suffer longer detention.

I determined to leave my wife and baggage in charge of Nunn, to put the \$120,000 I had in a bag and start back to the French frontier, cross into France and catch the Saturday steamer from Havre to New York, explaining to my wife that important business demanded my presence in America; that she could follow on the next steamer and that I would meet her on arrival.

In the meantime my unlucky 13 were happy. For were they not sheltered, with plenty of food and high wages, all out of the pocket of the great lord the Virgin herself must have sent to them? In fact, they were winning from me what to them was a fortune. I was paying each man \$1 a day and \$5 for each team and cart.

All day long the blizzard blew. It was a novel situation, and how I should have enjoyed it had I only possessed that greatest of all blessings—a good conscience! As it was, I was in misery and could find no peace, not even in my wife's smiles and evident content to be anywhere with me.

At 6 o'clock I had all hands up and breakfast under way. I ordered the drivers and hangers on to have the teams hitched up and ready at daybreak. They all ate breakfast heartily enough, but were not zealous about starting out. They made all sorts of excuses and excuses to avoid leaving their comfortable quarters. Certainly the road was not an inviting prospect, there being quite 18 inches of snow, but I was determined to start one way or the other, either south with the party or north alone. After long argument they, thinking they had me at their mercy, refused to hitch up the cattle to make the attempt. I delivered a speech to my lucky-unlucky 13, telling them in the best way I could that I was going in order to deliver them all over to the vengeance of the military chief of the district; that I should accuse them as robbers and thieves and that they might look for anguish that would wring their hearts and souls.

They were greatly moved, and, pulling out my watch, I informed them by pantomime and bad Spanish that if they got the teams in harness and the baggage all packed on the carts in 20 minutes I would take them into my favor and resume our journey southward.

Spaniards are proverbially slow. But these Spaniards were not slow this time, and a very few minutes saw us all once more mounted on our cart, with the two baggage carts following, and on our rocky way southward.

We passed during the day a military post and several squads of armed men. Poor fellows, they were wretchedly equipped, so far as garments went. They all examined us curiously, but did not offer to stop or question us, while I marched on ahead of the cavalcade like a drum major, giving the military salute to each party we passed. I ought to have been fatigued, but I was not. After about 5 miles of uphill work we began to descend. The road was a masterpiece of engineering, and well it might be, for it was one of five military roads the great Napoleon ordered to be constructed across the Pyrenees, and it was done in a thoroughly work-

(Continued on third page.)

Scrofula, Salt Rheum

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Speaking simply from what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, not only once or twice, but in thousands of cases, we can honestly say that it is the best remedy for all diseases of the blood, whatever the cause.

By its peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, it possesses positive medicinal merit peculiar to itself.

It has cured the most violent cases of Scrofula and Salt Rheum, even when all other prescriptions and medicines have failed to do any good.

Blood poisoning, from whatever origin, yields to its powerful cleansing, purifying, vitalizing effect upon the blood. If you desire further particulars, write to us as below.

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Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner

CASTORIA
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MOTHERS, Do You Know that Castoria, Bismarck's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Bloating Symples, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or mercury?

Do You Know that opium and mercury are stupifying narcotic poisons?

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Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

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Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SOLELY A BLUFF.

It Might Have Worked Had an Explanation Been Made.

Ex-Congressman O'Neill of Missouri, who was in the city for a week or ten days recently, has a friend in Washington, a Frenchman, who has the happy faculty of beguiling the hours in such a pleasant manner that the Missouriian often gets to bed long after the chimes of midnight have tolled the beginning of another day.

About 3 a. m. a few nights ago it occurred to Mr. O'Neill that nature had some chains upon him of paramount importance with those of his French friend, and just for a bliff he suddenly broke off the conversation, which took place in the lobby of the hotel in which the retired statesman was stopping, and said to the clerk in a loud voice:

"Call me at 6:30. I've got to take an early train!"

The Frenchman excused himself hurriedly and departed, and with a heart rejoicing in the success of his stratagem O'Neill sought his couch and prepared to rest until the dinner bell should summon him to his day's task, for he had no intention of leaving for several days to come.

About 15 minutes of 6 o'clock a violent rapping at his door aroused him from the sweetest part of his slumbers, and a familiar voice in the corridor was heard to exclaim:

"Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur O'Neill. Est-ce que vous n'avez pas un chien?"

"Hang it!" exclaimed O'Neill, "what's that to me? Go away and let me sleep."

At this the pounding at the door became more violent than before.

"And you see you wanted to get up to catch a train, and so I had to come to wake you. Get up, get up, or you will miss your train, and the pounding continued."

It was no use to remonstrate. O'Neill's friend insisted on making him get up and open the door. Then he explained that he had heard him tell the clerk to call him in time for the early train, but as he had kept him up so late the night before he feared that the clerk might forget, and accordingly he had come to the hotel to see that he did not oversleep himself.

"You old muttonhead!" exclaimed the Missouriian. "Don't you know that I left that order just to get rid of you because I wanted to go to bed to get some sleep? Don't you know it was all a bluff?"

"Bluff?" exclaimed the Frenchman. "Bluff, Monsieur O'Neill?"

"Yes, bluff," repeated O'Neill. "So! Why you not tell me zatt!" de-

clared the Frenchman.

Japanese English.

Comments on W. L. G. United States navy, presented to his knowwoman, Miss Louise Withington of North Boston, a silk handkerchief which some enterprising merchant in Yokohama furnishes to patrons for advertising purposes. As an illustration of Japanese English the following words which decorate the four sides of the border are unique and worthy of preservation in print:

"My ship was constantly treading the various waves of the domestic and the foreigner. Although I was advised by the every foreigner, at this time I have made the nice handkerchief of the different speckled silk and began to sell it. Then I was observed with the honor on the several portions. Thence whatever will perform truly for something, and it will sell lower price for everybody's wants. Please to be consequently to obtain the more favors and the many products. But the all colors of the handkerchiefs that be done by the one method will by free harmless for washing it."

—Boston Commonwealth.

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It has cured the most violent cases of Scrofula and Salt Rheum, even when all other prescriptions and medicines have failed to do any good.

Blood poisoning, from whatever origin, yields to its powerful cleansing, purifying, vitalizing effect upon the blood. If you desire further particulars, write to us as below.

Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

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A GOOD second hand Carryall, one new wagon, and one new horse team.

FROM WALL STREET TO NEWGATE
(Continued from second page.)

menting manner. At would in and out and among dethles of stern beauty.

Wo halloed for rest and refreshment at noon and again at 4 o'clock for no hour.

At the last place wo found some Carlist officers, one a young Englishman, who was a good fellow and most attentive. He was an aid-de-camp on Don Carlos' stuff. He told me there was no chance of his side winning, but he was in it for the fun of the thing and in hope to see some fighting. He had taken part in a number of skirmishes and was by no means satisfied yet. He volunteered to escort us through the lines and was evidently more than pleased to meet an English lady in the person of my wife.

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It was beautiful to see him order about my muleteers and bully them uphill and down dale, not hesitating to use his whip on them. 'About 6 o'clock we started off in great style, leaving some 20 miles to go to the little town on the railway south of the Pyrenees. We had two kantenas and a number of torches. It was a picturesque wayward in the darkness. The young officer rode beside the first cart, conversing with my wife, while I walked by the rear. We had reason to congratulate ourselves over our escort, he being a brave and brilliant fellow and evidently a person of importance. He little thought whom he was escorting. I was pleased on my wife's account, as he was company for her, and altogether she thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the whole situation.

Water.

ALL JEFFERSON, dealers of laying water, is introduced into their residences or places of business, should make application at the office, Main-street, near Nelson's.

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Why Go West TO BUY A FARM For Sale.

1410 Southern Pacific Island a farm, containing 120 acres, beautiful location and commanding view. The farm is close to large townships and in good order. Stable for twenty years. This place has great prospective value, besides being worth double the price asked for it, for farming purposes, as it has been awarded privileges; that the farmer raising potatoes, and can could pay for it two years from this crop alone. Price of \$1600—about \$25 per acre. Schoolhouse, church nearby. About four miles from road station.

CUTLETS AND ONION SAUCE.—There is an unfortunate prejudice against onions still existing in country districts. Onion sauce has largely rooted out this prejudice in the cities, and many city housewives do not attempt their soup or meat braises and stews without a little of the flavor of the onion. Most procouettes and mignons of meat and other "minds" meat dishes require this among the many flavors of herb and vegetable which go to make them perfection. In all these dishes the onion is used sparingly, and does not assert itself as it does in soubses saucers and onion soup, of which it is a component part. The onion is one of the most wholesome and valuable vegetables we have, and it is an ignorant prejudice that has so largely prohibited its use

Another mill and our escort had to leave us, but the town, standing dark against the snow, was in plain view. By his advice I went ahead on foot with two men in case any of "the enemy" were prowling around, but found none until we arrived in the town. Then a scene of great excitement to the townspeople arose.

We were examined and cross-examined and our statements taken down in writing and sworn to by all hands. In the meantime I had made beds for our sleek man and the ladies in the waiting room of the station, and about 2 o'clock I went to sleep. The station was fortified and full of soldiers, but I did not care, being told the Madrid train would start at daylight; if so, I would be in time for El Rey Felipe, and would be sailing out of Cadiz harbor on Monday.

GRADLE SONG.

The crickets in the corner sing,
O'er farm and field the shadows creep,
Their headward way the swallow wing
The sun is setting in the deep.
The squirrels seek their leafy hole,
The fox is in his hollow tree,
And, huddled in their silent fold,
The downy lambs are sleeping bold,
The little bird within his nest
Hath hid his little head to rest,
And soon, oh, soon
The dreamy noon
Will seal along the fleecy seat.
The day is done,
The night is leant,
To sleep, my drowsy little one.

But when at break of day we soon
The spider wraving at his loom,
The warbling lark above the loe,
The low and the clover breeze,
When frisking baby squirrels wake
And skip the leaves of morning dew,
When baby faxes from the brake
Do prow the thorny hedges through,
When on the meadow sweet with hay
The white and curly lambs play,
And, sweet and cool,
O'er plains and pool,
Bloweth the breeze of coming day,
Thou, too, shalt rise
To sunny skies,
And open wide thy baby eyes.
—Edwin Stevens in Youth's Companion—

—OR—

357 THAMES ST.

THIS IS THE SEASON

When you can secure special bargains in common or unprepared coke when taken quantities of one hundred bushels or upwards at the Works, for terms, apply a telegraph office.

THE NEWPORT

Gas Light Co

Artistic Beauty

and Permanent

are the desirable qualities combined in

"Mazze Tinto"

DANIEL WATSON,
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372 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

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At Lowest Rates—Strong Companies

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Real Estate, and Fire Insurance,
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11-17

J. D. JOHNSTON

Architect & Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application
General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Plaster Work

JUST RECEIVED, 1-28

Special Bargains!

For the next ~~30~~ days we offer our entire
line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be
found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15
per cent. less than our regular prices. This
we do in order to make room for our Spring
and Summer styles, which we will receive
about Feb. 16. We guarantee the make-up of
our goods to be the best and to give general
satisfaction.

In general cooking. For cutlets with sauce use any good crumbs and fry in boiling fat six nice cutlets. Those taken from the shoulder and neck are juicy and inexpensive. Be careful to trim them if they are lamb or mutton, removing all the fat you can, especially on the outside of the chop, as this is the fat that often imparts a strong flavor. To prepare the sauce or onion sauce boil three white onions in water for half an hour, take them up, throw off the water, put them into a mixture of half water and half milk, and let them cook for a quarter of an hour longer or until they are soft enough to mash through a colander. Thin this puree of onion with a little cream sauce or white sauce; let it boil up once and pour it around the chops.

After a two hours' nap I was up paid off my lucky 13, giving them present in addition to their due, with written paper certifying that they were honest and brave and had delivered in and mine in safety.

The weather continued very cold, and when the train, consisting of two passenger and one baggage cars, arrived we found there were no heating arrangements, and we shivered at the thought of an all day's ride without fire or heat across that windy plain. I determined to have a compartment to ourselves, for my wife and I had not had a moment's privacy since the smashing of the train. So we fixed up a bed on the floor of a compartment for our sick man and the I put his family in to look out for him. When the train left we found ourselves very much to our satisfaction, alone.

He telegraphed ahead to Burgos to have hot water cases, then the only mode of heating cars in Europe, ready on our

The Old Lady had a dinner that surprised the Knowing Gamblers.


The old lady entered a restaurant which, rightly or wrongly, is known as the resort of the gay and careless. She was typically contrived to appear as her spectacles resting on the bridge of her nose, her hat being old fashion and her gait and general attitude that of one fresh from the little farm-house.

Without, however, any sign of lacking confidence that was to be expected of a stranger to city ways, she sat down at the most conspicuous table in the room. A sturdy looking short card player, who, although it was 6 o'clock in the afternoon, was just getting his breakfast, stared at her with "silly," "dejected turf gamblers," "scented" attending the races on that day by luck on the day before, who were soiling themselves with strong waters who hadn't spoken to each other half an hour, observed her with smiles.

"Well, now," said one, "that funny old girl to see in here. I remember seeing her being in court once."

MEZZO-TIMES.

Who have a large collection on exhibit in the Studio, and invite you to call and look.

 Particular attention paid to Children's Portraits.

F. H. CHILD,

242 THAMES STREET.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY

CONTRACTOR

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—SIX—

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Company

Desires to call attention of the public
to unequalled facilities for local express business.
This company has the

Exclusive Privilege

of collecting checks, for delivery of the same
on all trains and steamers arriving from
north.

McLENNAN BROTHERS
184 Thames Street,
MERCURY BUILDING.

A Newport Leader!

I combines style, fit, wear and quality, and you can buy it for 82.
 To see this shoe is to buy it. To buy this is to like it. To sell it is to make friends and customers.
 The best bargain in the State.

STUFFED CABBAGE—A dainty and excellent way in which to cook a cabbage is to stuff it. Cut out the heart of the cabbage, with the root, and remove the green leaves. Plunge the head into an abundance of boiling water for ten minutes, and then take it up very carefully, so as not to break it. Let it cool. Prepare a forcemeat, using a pound of sausage meat with a quarter of a pound of minced pork, and ground and pounded to paste. Soak cooks like the sausage meat alone; only fresh "country sausage meat" can be used. Stuff the inside of the cabbage and tie up carefully, so that the stuffing will not come out. Put the cabbage into a braising kettle, with a small can of tomatoes and water, and a little stock. Let the cabbage slumber in the oven or on top of the stove, well covered for one hour, basting it occasionally. Serve

The engineer of our train was a Englishman. As it was so important that I should not be delayed I gave him a sovereign and his stoker another and asked him as a favor to make time. I said he would and kept his word. But arriving at Burgos, we found that the train from Santander going south was two hours late, so my wife and I started out to see the famous town.

At Burgos I tried to get an English paper, but none was to be had, and no one there had ever seen one.

But here some startling news came flashing over the wires, nothing less than that there had been a revolution in Madrid, the capital. Amadeus, the lately elected king, had suddenly resigned and a republic had been proclaimed with Castelar at the head.

when I was in the show business. I gambled on what she'll order. She gave gooseberry pie and milk, and she ate the pie with her knife. They had no forks where she comes from. But the other would not be. She merely and not unkindly, "She does seem to fit this place."

They could not hear what she ordered but they could see that there was a big flippant in the attitude of the waiter who went to her. She ate with deliberation and then departed. One of two unsuccessful patrons of the place called the waiter and asked, "What that old lady order?"

"Why, let's see," answered the waiter, "I think she had pigeon and a little of fazz. She's very fond of both."

The gamblers looked surprised.

"Who is she?" asked one.

"Why, don't you know her?" asked the waiter. "That's Miss Lane. The head dancer in this new burlesque at the Jumbo-theater on New York

Tilling, Draining and all kinds of
 Jobbing promptly attended
 Orders left at
16 Callendar Ave

 OPEN JUNE 14TH, 1895

D. B. ALLEN'S CAFE
 EASTON'S BEACH, NEWPORT,
 Take the Electric Cars to the Dock
Ice Cream [and Cream S]
 REGULAR DINNER,
 CLAM CHOWDER,

—ALSO OF—

CHECKING BAGGAGE

!—AT THE—

RESIDENCE to DESTINATION

At the desirable storage warehouses at reasonable rates.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 BELLEVILLE

Branch 123 James Street,
Or send P. O. Freight Ticket, P. O. L.
Newport, R. I., and in 1897.

TARIFF

Reform Bill Beat

We know it; but we want you to know it.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co

214 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT

STONE WORKS.

H. G. BURNS, Prop'r.

GRANITE WORK

of every description, including all kinds of

with a rich, brown sauce.

• **BREAD STROSS.**—Soak a broad pan of water over a fire for half an hour, and add the following: Scald a cup of milk, and add to it while hot two ounces of butter. When the butter has dissolved, add one cupful of water, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, and when the liquid is lukewarm, one half of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth of a cup of lukewarm water. Add sufficient flour to make a batter; beat until light and frothy, cover and let stand until morning. In the morning add the well-beaten white of one egg and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead until the dough does not stick to your hands on the board but care must be taken to add only sufficient flour to keep from sticking, with expert kneading, as the dough when finished must be soft. It

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Turfman's Tale.

A New Jerseyman told me a story the other day on one of our most turfmen, a man whose name is perhaps printed oftener than that of any other connected with racing in America. A good many years ago a turfman, who was not then deep in the racing business, arrived in Jersey with a trainload of mustangs from the plains of Texas. He knew nothing of the laws of the state nor of the finances of the city. He knew that he wanted to sell his mustangs and thought the best way to do it was to sell them at auction. Being somewhat gifted with speech, he determined that he would sell his own auctioneer. The sale started well. Fair prices were realized. Suddenly it was interrupted by policemen who demanded a view of our turfmen.

It appears that a species of truecodile is found in southern Florida both coasts. It is hardly distinguished from the alligator except by the size of its head, though it grows bigger and attains a length of 18 feet.

Can it be true, as is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in snakes? I doubt it exceedingly. —Colbridge.



Be

FISH OF ALL KINDS
 OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
 SALADS,
 HOUSE MADE CAKES &
 ALL THE DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.
ALLEN'S RESTAURANT
 100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, E.
 Near State Street
 TABLE BOARD A SPECIALTY.
 D. E. ALLEN, Proprietor.
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Rice & Hutchins
Solid Shoes,
AT
M. S. HOLME'S,
166 Thames Street.

Salvator Be
during the
HOLIDAYS
Bottled and in B

**BUILDING & MONUMENTAL
WORK.**
A good stock of BLUE STONE constantly
hand.
42 Long Wharf, foot Whittier Ave
NEWPORT R.I.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MANF
REAR OF POST OFFICE,
17 CUSTOM HOUSE ST. PROVIDENCE
Blank Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand
made to order. Job patterns. Book Bind-
ers. Letter Rulers, Extra Binding, Gilt Let-

carefully on the board, take off a portion of the dough, sufficient for a stick, and roll it gently into a long, rod the shape of a bread stick. Do not use too much dough. If used, placing the sticks on a greased pan far enough apart that they may not touch each other. Let stand until light, about twenty minutes. Beat the white of one egg light, and one tablespoonful of milk and whisk. Brush the sticks with this mixture and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. These are much easier to make and bake if you have a bread-pan stick.

Considerable excitement prevailed at a prayer meeting recently in Marine N. J., when one of the good brethren declared that the Bible explicitly pronounced the wearing of the large sleeve

"License?" he said amazed. "What license? I haven't any license of any kind."

"Well, you can't sell horses in this city without a license. You'll have to come along. No monkey business."

Of course he went along, but he was lucky enough to find at least a friend, a lawyer, who went bail for him in the sum of \$50. Then the lawyer said:

"A license costs \$250. You are up ahead. Go ahead and finish your case, collect your money and skip out. Come back \$50 to settle the forfeited bond, you are \$200 ahead of the game."

It was done accordingly. The two men and his friend met in the St. Jay hotel lately and laughed over the experience.

—New York Press.

About Breathing.

In the ordinary respiration of man or 17 cubic inches of atmospheric air pass into the lungs 20 times a minute or a cubic foot every 5 1/4 minutes—cubic feet in 24 hours. The lungs have 2.50 cubic feet. At each respiration

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Manufacturers

A choice
cake of Olive
Oil Soap will be
found in each pack-
age of IVORINE
Washing Pow-
der.

AT
D. W. Sheehan

THE WEEK'S NEWS

Saturday, Oct. 5.
Major General Ruger assumed command of the military department of the east—South Carolina constitutional convention extended sympathy to the Cuban patriots—Cuban flag to be displayed over the city hall at Key West—Cape Ann (Mass.) whaling buoy to be moved—Governor Hughes of Arizona makes a plea for statehood—Gold reserve in the treasury gained \$31,000—Librarian Spofford will probably resign his position—Death of Hjalmer Hjorth Hagenson—American liner St. Paul averaged 2.60 knots on her speed trial—Three vessels wrecked and the lives lost off Newfoundland—Erno defeated Skelly in a fight at the New Manhattan Athletic club—Dr. Parkhurst says it will be anti-Tammany against Tammany in New York's elections—The women voters of Hartford have decided not to put a ticket in the field at the coming municipal election—The Connecticut supreme court adjourned since—The Pawtucket (R. I.) Veterans Firemen's association voted to attend the muster in Boston—Mariboro, N. H., is having a scarlet fever scare—Over 200 cases are reported, and the schools are closed.

Sunday, Oct. 6.
Flour mills in Fort Collins, Colo., burned; loss, \$125,000—Spanish cruiser Conde de Venadito not in the harbor—Three fires in Cambridge, Mass., caused a loss of about \$600—Montauk Indians returned to their old grounds on Long Island, and propose to fight for possession—Government of Uruguay disassociated with the English minister and consul—British yachtsmen fail to support Lord Dunraven in his position—Chemical engine struck by a train at Waltham, Mass., and two firemen injured—The dead body of an infant boy was found by two young men in some woods north of Nashua, N. H. It was wrapped in a woman's skirt and other clothing. Initials on the skirt may prove a clue in the case—James Cunningham, aged 35, a brakeman on the Fitchburg road, fell from a car near Concord, Mass., and was probably fatally injured—The Franklin Methodist church in Brockton, Mass., was dedicated. The church cost, including furnishings, about \$10,000—John Q. A. Carter of Rowley, Mass., was probably fatally injured by being thrown from his buggy by a runaway horse—Aaron Oliver of Athol, Mass., is charged with procuring a criminal operation. He has served three years in state prison for a similar offense.

Monday, Oct. 7.
Mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Lloyd Milfin Scott, until recently a guest at the Hesperus, Boston—Slow passage of the steamer Paris due to priming of the boilers—Death of General Mahone of Virginia but a question of days—Child killed and many injured by collapse of a floor at a corner-store laying at Lorain, O.—Rev. William J. Corcoran of South Boston celebrated his 25th anniversary—Tullins reported to have killed Captain Smith, who presided at the trial of Jackson's Hells—Two alleged counterfeiters arrested at Boston—Management of Brookline (Mass.) fair arranged by a pastor—Report that Mrs. Langtry intends to marry Sir Robert Peel—Masked robbers got \$6000 from county treasurer at Andover, Mass.—Three incendiary fires at Lawrence, Mass.—Prairie fires devastating a rich farming region in South Dakota—Armenians in Constantinople still in a state of terror—Guthrie, O. T., makes a bid for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight—Prison Henry of Russia to accompany the Kaiser on his trip through Alsace—Anti-Tammany organizations in New York failed to reach an agreement—New York pastor declares that the Cubans are entitled to the support of the civilized world—Schooner Nellie S. Pickering sunk near Vineyard shore—Reported gold discovery in Seward county, Neb.—Mayor and chief of police of Lexington, Ky., indicted for permitting liquor selling—Missionary colony to be established in western North Carolina—Boy in Newburyport, Mass., killed by a stone thrown by another.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.
Harvard will not play football with Yale this year or next—Anti-munitions union ticket agreed upon in New York—Death of Mrs. Michael J. Moloney of Boston—Baltimore scored its first victory in the Temple cup series—Death of William Westcott Story, the sculptor—Terrible colliery disaster in Wilkesbarre, Pa.; 24 miners killed—Fire at Green Bay, Wis., caused loss of \$100,000—Bold jewelry robbery in Haverhill, Mass.—Cholera on the decrease at Honolulu—More vigorous Bohring sea policy to be adopted next year—Pittsburg's assistant city attorney believed to have collected \$50,000 interest of public funds—Reception to Rev. Charles Beecher by the young ladies of the Georgetown (Mass.) Congregational church—Controversial note of powers sent to the north—Turkish population increased in England—British and German legations at Bogota guarded by police—French troops advancing against King Menelek of Abyssinia—Attempt to blow up home of Justice Beadle in Osheshee, Conn.—Lynn (Mass.) postoffice will not be consolidated with the Boston office—No pelio ball in Boston this year—Steamer Olivette had a rough trip to Halifax—Learned, the man missing from Washburn, Me., believed to be insane—Corbett and Fitzsimmons will not be allowed to fight in the Indian territory—Colonel H. C. White appointed adjutant general of Rhode Island—Five masked men open a grocery safe at West Brookfield, Mass.—The extensive street railway systems in Philadelphia analyzed—Diphtheria epidemic at Hammond, Ind.—Fluorine freight rate war seems inevitable—Colonel W. L. Chase of Brookline, Mass., dead—Grain elevator and mill burned at Edmore, Mich.—Boston numbered two men at North Tawanda, N. Y.—Southwestern railroad lines agreed to maintain rates—Further decrease in the number of seals off Alaska reported—California fruit gradually finding favor with London buyers—Professor Welch says anti-toxin marks an epoch in medical science—Eighteen persons killed in a railroad collision near Brussels—Armenians in Chicago demand the recall of United States Minister Terrell—J. R. Fardon arrested for robbing the Adams Express company of \$10,000—Dr. N. Uruguayan minister at London, feels ignorance of his recall—Electric locomotive's great drawing power tested satisfactorily at Baltimore—Negroes advised by a Chicago preacher to turn in incendiaries in cities where they are abused—Bear and a deer farm in northern Wisconsin expected to make a fortune for the owners—A. D. Wallis, wanted on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, brought from Hartford to Boston—The president has appointed Albert H. Mickler to be collector of customs for the district of St. Augustine, Fla.—Patrick Grant, aged 53, father of Robert Grant, the novelist, a successful merchant of Boston for many years, died in that city.

Wednesday, Oct. 9.
The Christian Endeavor state convention opened at Pittsfield, Mass.—Trouble caused by Mexican pilgrimage to shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe—State department compelled to abandon the Kzeninski case—Busy career of General William Mahone ended—Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon a total loss—Corbett and Fitzsimmons and their trainers and managers being summoned before grand jury—Flour conflicts between Catholics and Lutherans in Barcelona—King's father entered the royal palace at Seville at the head of an armed force—Black flags routed by the Japanese in Formosa—French government has no official information of the capture of Antimurro—Railroad man said to have confessed that he caused the fatal accident at Blackstone Junction, Mass.—Report of attempt to assassinate Justice Beadle of Osheshee, Conn., not true—Lawrence (Mass.) voted against the proposed new city charter—Body found in the river at Haverhill, Mass., was that of E. W. Catkins of Lowell—Wreck on the Consolidated railroad at Manville, R. I.—Edwin Hutchings of Staceyville, Me., held for trial on the charge of attempting to kill his daughter—Cleveland won the deciding game of the Temple cup series—Republicans of Indianapolis received the heaviest defeat in their history—Charles D. Rose's mud challenge for the America's cup arrived—Several Cambridge (Mass.) stores visited by thieves—Thousands of lottery tickets seized at Detroit—Rate system of western lines completely demoralized—Montauk will resist parental schools to the point of revolution—Lake Superior mines will produce 10,000,000 tons of ore in 1895—Negro question causes a discord in the Republican ranks in Louisiana—Contagious diseases, confined principally to children, prevalent at Cambridge, Mass.—Chicago and Alton line withdraws from the Chicago Railway association—Police Commissioner Roosevelt of New York pleased with the fusion ticket of the Republicans.

Thursday, Oct. 10.
Hot Springs, Ark., selected for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight—Kugene Gowell and James Nelson held on charge of burning the Lebanon (Me.) town hall buildings—City Marshal Harmon of Biddeford, Me., denies charges of bribery—Political outlook in Kentucky very uncertain—Pleurisy pneumonia discovered in first importation of Australian cattle to Europe—Cuban junta in New York to call a large public meeting—Holt to throw of Austria to be inundated with tuberculosis serum—Episcopals invited to hold next annual convention at Atlanta—General Mahone buried with honors at Petersburg, Va.—Sackville West's attack upon President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard received with amusement at Washington—Durrant took the stand in his own behalf in the San Francisco murder trial—Firemen's muster and baby show at Nashua, N. H.—Republican club of Massachusetts presents the claims of Boston as a place for holding national Republican convention—Charles R. Brown appointed sheriff for Penobscot county, Me.—Middleton (Conn.) Democrats claim the town election was illegal—Unsuccessful raid on burglars on Greenfield Centre, N. H.—Haverhill (Mass.) white girl attempted to elope with a colored youth, but caught by her father—Slashing of prices of leather likely to go on for some time—Joe Patchen defeated Robert J. in a race at Lexington, Ky.—Brewer (Me.) man thought to have died at sea, has returned home—Supply of lobsters far short of the demand—British and American consuls killed in Ku-Cheng inquiry—Eliza Aswood of Lynn, Mass., tried to commit suicide in Lynn woods—Police of Constantinople tried to provoke riots, it is said—September a month of drought throughout the United States—Approaching majority of the czarists abhors national interest in Russia—Population of Columbia, S. C., are still clamoring for the removal of British Minister Junner—President Tattle of the Boston and Maine says the lease of the Concord and Montreal is a success—Increase in the capital stock of the Fitchburg Railroad company approved by the railroad commissioners.

Friday, Oct. 11.
France will allow the reign of the queen to be maintained in Madagascar—Prisoners implicated in Ku-Cheng outrage delightfully tortured in Chinese courts—Turkish protection at last promised to the American college at Marivan—Japanese minister declares that his country does not desire to acquire more territory—The Sackville pamphlet not regarded at Washington as containing anything new—Fifty or 60 poor families burned out at Chatham, N. B.—Six persons burned to death in Snyder Depot, Ont.—Meager details of the destruction of La Paz, Lower California, by a hurricane—Governor of Arkansas will not allow the fight to be held there—Twenty-four cows at Durham, Conn., badly afflicted with tuberculosis—Flaw discovered in the Waterbury (Conn.) new city charter—Mrs. Chase again elected president of Rhode Island Woman Suffrage association—Arthur Gurin cut the throat of Ella Greenwood at New Bedford, Mass., and escaped—Captain Ames acquitted at Washington—Chicago Gas trust will work at reorganization secretly—Rate war may neutralize good effects of corn crop—Tammany's ticket does not please all the Tammany leaders—Spain has 12,000 additional soldiers to send to Cuba if necessary—Twenty workmen buried in ruins of a building at Hecloth, Westphalia—Fire in "Bust Usher's block," Medford, Mass., damaged several stores and offices—Russia may establish a line of fast steamers from Shanghai to Vladivostok—J. P. Cronin held in \$5000 bail on the charge of killing Patrick Parry at Boston—Miss Haswell acquitted of the charge of adding train robber Parry to escape from confinement—Lynn (Mass.) laborer, partly buried in a trench, dug himself out with his dinner pail—Two lawyers killed by ex-Senator Houston and an ex-sheriff at Woodward, O. T.—State department warned customs collectors to look out for filibustering expeditions to Cuba—State department explains that many international complications are caused by restless missionaries—Claim that General Harrison will suffer politically as a result of the Republican defeat in Indianapolis.

Saturday, Oct. 12.
Newspaper among the Senators—Waltham, Mass., Oct. 9.—An explosion of chemicals in the photograph gallery of L. C. Brown, on the second floor of a three-story wooden business block, last night, started a fire which caused a damage of \$25,000. The offices of the Waltham Evening News were completely wrecked.

Pickering's Crew Landed.
EDGEMONT, Mass., Oct. 8.—Schooner Jennie of London, Conn., yesterday stripped the schooner Nellie F. Pickering, which sank off this port after going ashore Friday, and landed Captain Kimball and the crew of the Pickering. The vessel is a total loss.

Granite State Patriarchs Militant.
CLAREMONT, N. H., Oct. 8.—The annual meeting of the Patriarchs Militant was held in Maxine Temple yesterday, and Charles F. Ober of Milford, grand patriarch, and other officers were elected and installed. A ball was given in the evening.

BATTLE AX
PLUG

THE LARGEST PIECE
OF GOOD TOBACCO
EVER SOLD FOR 10 CENTS



ARMIES IS DISCHARGED.

His Arrest "Unwarranted, Illegal, Unjust and Tyrannical"

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—War department officials are much disappointed and chagrined at the decision of Judge Bradley in the Ames case. Secretary Lammot refuses to say what his purpose is, but it is inferred, in view of the breadth of the decision, that no attempt will be made to try the captain by court-martial pending the action of the appellate court upon an appeal noted.



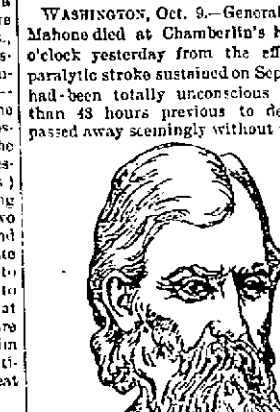
CAPTAIN GEORGE A. AMES, RETIRED.

General William Mahone, "Hero of the Crater," Dies at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—General William Mahone died at Chamberlin's hotel at 1 o'clock yesterday from the effects of a paralytic stroke sustained on Sept. 30. He had been totally unconscious for more than 48 hours previous to death, and passed away seemingly without pain.

LIFE'S BATTLE ENDED.

General William Mahone, "Hero of the Crater," Dies at Washington.



GENERAL MAHONE.

General Mahone was born in Southampton county, Va., Dec. 1, 1828, graduated at the Virginia Military institute in 1847, engaged in engineering, and when the civil war broke out it found him the constructor of the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad. He joined the Confederate army in 1861.

Portland Merchant Fata.
PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 11.—J. F. Rand, wholesale dry goods merchant, made an assignment yesterday. His liabilities are stated to be \$75,000, and he claims \$65,000 assets.

FRANCE'S LONG WAR

Results in Her Gaining Complete Possession of Madagascar.

PARIS, Oct. 11.—Minister of War Zurlinden yesterday received a dispatch from Majunga confirming the news of the capture of Antananarivo, capital of the island of Madagascar, by the French expeditionary force under the command of General Duchesne.



RANAIVALOA, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

The Queen of Madagascar has made peace with the French, and General Metzinger has been nominated as governor of Antananarivo.

President Faure has wired an enthusiastic message of congratulation and thanks to General Duchesne, commanding the French expeditionary army in Madagascar.

DIVORCE GRANTED.

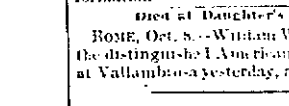
Anelle Rives Chanler's Claim For Separation Not Opposed by Her Husband.



AMELIE RIVES-CHANDLER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—W. G. Maxwell, of the law firm of Chamberlin, Maxwell & Philip, is attorney for the statement that a decree of divorce, on the ground of incompatibility, has been granted Mrs. Anelle Rives Chanler. There was no opposition to the decree, and nothing in the pleadings or the proceedings reflected on either of its parties. Mr. Maxwell positively declines to give any further information.

Good breeding
appears in a sense of propriety—the fitness of things; it shuns display and extravagance; practices economy as "good form." Think how a trivial accident adds to the expense of a hundred-dollar watch! Wouldn't it be good sense to substitute during busy hours—and on your journeyings—an accurate, tasteful, low-priced timepiece?—Your jeweler will show you the advantage of the new, quick-winding Waterbury over others.



WILLIAM WESTCOTT STORY.

ROSE, Oct. 8.—William Westcott Story, the distinguished American sculptor, died at Vallambrosa yesterday, aged 70 years.

New Advertisements.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of David P. Atwood, Administrator of the estate of CHARLES G. TRIPP, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to Joseph H. Pike of said Newport, or to either of them, as they may see fit, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

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COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED have been appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors against the estate of WILLIAM JEFFER, late of said Middletown, deceased, and to make and file a report thereon to the Court of Probate of said City of Newport, on the 15th day of November, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. It is ordered that the persons interested in the estate of said William Jeffery, late of said Middletown, deceased, do bring in and prove their claims and the undersigned will meet at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on the 15th day of November, 1895, the fourteenth day of October, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and examining said claims.

WILLIAM H. SANFORD, Commissioners.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of Tiverton, Administrator of the estate of JONATHAN HART, late of said Tiverton, deceased, and has given bonds according to law.

ANDREW H. MANCHESTER, Administrator.

THE BROWN STONE.

We have just received a car load of
Minneapolis Flour Manfg Co's
*** DIAMOND * MEDAL ***
It is made at Minneapolis, Minnesota, from the very best quality of
HARD WHEAT

and in order to obtain the best results it requires more kneading than flour made from softer wheat.

Price per barrel - - \$4.65

Dry the flour and knead it well and you will have

The Best Bread in the World.

Samples of this Flour given FREE at our store.

P. H. HORGAN,

TELEPHONE. 224 THAMES STREET.

New Advertisements.

SHORT Vacations
FOR BUSY PEOPLE
By the beautiful new Steamships of the
Old Dominion Line
To Old Point Comfort [Hygeia Hotel]
(Princess Anna Hotel or Virginia Beach)
May be made for
\$16 OLD POINT COMFORT, \$18 VIRGINIA BEACH, \$17
Including Every Expense
Of meals and berths en route, and a day and a quarter's board at the hotels.
These trips are ideal, as a considerable portion is made through the quiet waters of the famous Hampton Roads and there is little likelihood of seasickness.
Also tickets on sale, with privilege of going or returning by rail.
Write for particulars of terms and other delightful trips, to
OLD DOMINION S. S. COMPANY
Pier 20, North River, New York.
W. L. OULAUDE, Vice-Prests & Traffic Managers, or to J. I. GREENE, Ticket Agent, Newport, R. I.

THE F.F. TEBBETTS CO.,
121 WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Cloaks and Furs.
Don't wait for the word in the papers, but come, come with confidence in the house that has served you well for many years. We do not mean to sell a garment that has not wearing merit. If you buy a garment here that does not wear well bring it back, we will make it right. Jackets are shorter, with box fronts and ripple back, made in Plain and Rough cloths; in Tan, Brown, Navy and Black, a good garment at \$7.50 and \$10.00 better at \$12.50 to \$20.00, finest made \$25 to \$40. Capes, in cloth, for immediate wear, \$5 to \$15. Dress Capes, in Plush and Velvet, \$15 to \$75. We are noted for the reliable qualities of our Furs and our assortment comprises everything from the cheapest to the highest cost in Capes, Jackets, Neck Scarfs, Muffs and Gloves, and Alaska Seal Garments. A good Mackintosh for \$5, warranted.

Sign of The Great White Bear,
BUTLER EXCHANGE.
PACKING.
WE PACK
FURNITURE, CROCKERY, BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and SIATUARY.
Only experienced hands employed. All orders promptly attended to.
We carry a fine line of
Modern and Antique Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,
42 CHURCH STREET, N. A. WARD.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors against the estate of WILLIAM JEFFER, late of said Middletown, deceased, and to make and file a report thereon to the Court of Probate of said City of Newport, on the 15th day of November, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. It is ordered that the persons interested in the estate of said William Jeffery, late of said Middletown, deceased, do bring in and prove their claims and the undersigned will meet at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on the 15th day of November, 1895, the fourteenth day of October, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and examining said claims.

WILLIAM H. SANFORD, Commissioners.

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ANDREW H. MANCHESTER, Administrator.

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California Privet
FOR HEDGES,
Fall Planting.

A large stock on hand, all sizes. Prices to suit the times. Also
Ornamental Trees & Flowering Shrubs
H. M. WILSON,
Forest Avenue Nursery,
West Gloucester, R. I.

New Advertisements.

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